



CHICAGO

SCOFF AT DEATH—PLOT FRUSTRATED

Boy Desperados Plead Not Guilty and Reveal Scheme to Kill Their Accusing Confederate to Conceal Crime.

CHIEF FOILS PLAN FOR DASH FOR LIBERTY

Chicago, Nov. 30.—The confessed murderers and robbers, Peter Niedermeier, Harvey Van Dine, and Gustav Marx and Emil Roedel were arraigned in court today. Marx pleaded guilty to all the charges against him but his three accomplices pleaded not guilty.

During the afternoon the prisoners were removed from the Harrison police station to the county jail, where they will remain until brought to trial. No excitement marked the trip to the jail.

Each prisoner was placed in a separate patrol wagon and was guarded by seven policemen and two deputy sheriffs. During the journey Roedel joked with one of the policemen and said: "I should like to have you alone for just one minute."

Shortly before the prisoners were removed to the county jail, Marx was confronted with his three accomplices. Marx's confession implicating Van Dine, Niedermeier and Roedel was read to the prisoners. The bandits arrested in Indiana refused to confirm or deny the contents of the message. They were then asked to tell what they had to say concerning their career.

Wants Marx to Hang First.
"I am willing to hang without the wink of an eye if I see Marx 'squealer' hang first," Van Dine said. "The same here," Niedermeier added. "You fellows got no more than you deserved," Marx said. "Some time ago," Marx said to the inspector of police, "I met that fellow Van Dine on the American Express wagon and I for boys and they told me to leave them. 'I walked away and when fifty feet away a bullet passed through the brain of my hat. It was fired by one of these fellows. I got my revenge.' Niedermeier admitted that he and Van Dine had attempted to kill Marx. Roedel said that he had narrowly escaped being killed at the hands of his accomplices.

The prisoners scoffed at the idea of a heretic's death. "It is all a theory. Hell is on earth. Questioned on the subject today, Van Dine said: 'Hell is the end of the world. This is my belief and has always been, even when I was a boy. I listened to the teaching of my mother regarding the hereafter.'

Sees No Hereafter.
"I simply can't see it in an after life. I can't see the reason in it. When we're dead, we're dead. They don't go to any heaven or hell, do they? Why should we? I respect the teaching of the church. My mother is as good a Christian as ever lived." "Was her example nothing to you?" "I couldn't see things her way," he replied. "I never could."

"You mean you would not, don't you?" "Well, I didn't that's all. I didn't see things as she saw them."

"You have no remorse for the murders you committed?" "I can't feel so bad about it. When people are dead they are dead. When I drop it's the end of me."

Chief of Police O'Neill in person has frustrated a plan by which Niedermeier sought to escape from the Harrison street station. As a result of the interview with the chief, as a result of the incident, however, the police today recaptured the man who had escaped from the cell in which Niedermeier is locked.

Planned Dash for Liberty.
Niedermeier all but carried out his plan to make a dash for liberty. He arranged to meet Chief O'Neill alone in Inspector Lavitt's office, ostensibly to make a number of confessions and while gesticulating in illustration would try to leap through the window to the street.

His plan was frustrated by the foresight of O'Neill who, before permitting the interview, stationed three armed detectives outside the window through which the bandit hoped to escape. Niedermeier, seeing his plan checked, signified that the "interview" need not go further and that he was ready to return to his cell.

"We will all walk to the scaffold without a tremor."

This was the statement made today by the murderers, Van Dine, Niedermeier and Roedel as they sat in their cells and discussed their probable fate.

Murderer as Ancestor.
A great grandfather is said to have murdered his wife and daughter in Maine and to have been adjudged insane and sent to an asylum in which he died. Van Dine, while not denying this report, would not say that he, Roedel said that he heard of it from Van Dine in the Indiana dungeon.

Van Dine's mother has been working with charitable organizations for several years, devoting much time to organizing boys clubs and to the work which was to keep boys from saloons, smoking and reading lurid literature. She told Police Inspector Lavitt today that she never suspected her son of any wrongdoing.

Comment.—The above comes to me in an envelope on which the printed return address is "Martin Mahoney, Hopkins, Mich."

He is a Catholic priest and is an

excellent and intelligent man. He was a great friend to me in the days when I was working with the Prohibition party, and he not only paid for the Blade, \$2 a year, when it had about one-third as much in it as it has now, but out of a salary of \$600 a year, he gave me \$5 for the Blade and I saw him give \$100 to a Prohibition fund.

I had to abandon Prohibition because it advocated the enforcement of Sunday, or "Sabbath" laws, and I became more radical in my beliefs, and then, finally, after a long time, Bro. Mahoney abandoned me. I had not known, for some years, that he was alive, and am glad to see that he is. I am glad he sent me the above newspaper clipping, and I am glad to print it. It is as plain a case of crime in an infidel—possibly of four infidels; though the language of only one is given—as we infidel editors print in our papers of crime in priests and preachers.

No honest people can have any true interest in concealing anything and I am glad to print this case of crime in an infidel than I would be if he were a priest or a preacher, because it gives me a chance to show my sincerity.

When Christians commit crimes, other Christians apologize for them by saying they are not Christians, but I do not say this man was not an infidel. If I should do as Christians do infidels, under similar circumstances, I would simply quote the language of Van Dine, the only one who claims to be an infidel, and show that Van Dine said: "I respect the teaching of the church, a thing that I infidel will say, and, from that claim that he was not an infidel."

There are many infidels that believe in God, as did Paine, Jefferson, Franklin and Lincoln, who do not believe in Jesus or the Bible or in the teaching of the church.

I have now, as an editor, for nearly twenty years, been getting letters from infidels from nearly all parts of "Christendom." And I never, in all that time, got a letter from any man, woman or child that said that he or she was an infidel and wanted to respect the teaching of the church.

It certainly is not an infidel request for even what we call "some squint" or "half baked" infidels, that we orthodox cannot receive into full fellowship, say they despise "the teaching of the church."

There are, I believe, millions of people in the United States who want to believe the Bible and who will tell you that they heartily despise "the teaching of the church." I do not suppose that the name of any one of these men is now, or ever was, upon the subscription list of any infidel publication in the world, or that any one of them would have taken the Bible and gotten it for 15 cents a year.

Don't me going to admit that Van Dine was an infidel, though I direct that this article be sent to Brother Mahoney, if he is still alive, and that those men are hung every one of them will ask for the services of a lawyer, and I shall be glad to see them all.

All upon Bro. Mahoney, as a fair and honest man, to keep himself out of the case, and to let the case report it for the Blade.

I have, for years, been saying in the Blade, that the Christians are reporting to me about the crimes of infidels, just as much as I wanted infidels to report to me about the crimes of priests and preachers, nothing to be sent me except printed evidence to report to me about the case and one that seemed of doubtful authenticity that I got eight or ten years ago, about a man named hanged, in Missouri, I think it was, the only ones that I remember ever to have had reported to me, and I believe the report of this case shows that Christians have been watching me all the time, and that they would have reported cases of crime in infidels if they could have found them.

Some few infidels are drunkards and a few of them have the consciences of the convicted. And we use their money to sustain their contention but, when it comes to crime, infidels are commonly, not in it.

FROM A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.
Gray's Run, Pa., Dec. 3, 1903.
Blue Grass Blade.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find three articles for publication in the Blade: "The Timothy Hay," "The Timothy Hay," and "The Timothy Hay." I would like, very much to write more for the Blade, but I, being a locomotive engineer, have but little time to myself. I appreciate the Blade very highly. Long may you and your paper prosper! With the highest degree of brotherhood I remain, Respectfully,
J. W. HEYHUN.

The Timothy Hay.
In deep meditation I think of the day when I tumbled and rolled in the Timothy Hay.

When I welcomed the fragrance of the Timothy Hay, I was in the Timothy Hay. While hay seed was sprinkled all over my clothes.

I long shall remember a rock in the road. When the oxen upset a whole wagon load.

When the driver attempted to "gee" From the load I slid off and the oxen lit out.

I saw little boys in the meadows today Making wind rows of the Timothy Hay. And I long to exclaim to the meadows and strolls.

Where I used to rake Timothy, tumble and roll.

I look from my window toward the old road.

Where, a barefooted urchin I often did roam.

But the voices are still that were mine one day.

To my ears in the field of the Timothy Hay.

In my heart there are thoughts that I would fain say to you.

And I feel the warm touch of a tear on my cheek.

But I'll pine not at fate, if my soul

RATIONALISM: "I'm not dead yet. Let ROGUES and SHAMS beware!"



slips away,
On a breath of perfume of the timothy hay.

MUTATION.
Death is but silent change. On bodies dead

New life, in other form, is ever fed,
The blood, and moisture of man's mouldering form,
Vaporate, return amid the storm
And having thus, been purified again,
Are drunk by trees and beasts and men,
And, without loss, to transformation doomed.

If, through eternity, this life is dead,
Is undisturbed and in its orb
The surface of the earth—this and
Shall, more than once, have lived as
Flesh and bone,
And every drop by ocean's waves confined.

MY FLEETING YEARS.
Today, I stand upon the apex of my life,
And through the telescope of time,
Survey the pathway of my fleeting years.
And in that view, I see the spot
Where joys have bloomed and sorrows
Have decayed,
The crazy rocks on which I hung my regrets.

Now, turning round, I look beyond
The ravine of declining years,
Unto the eternal horizon of years,
Where I behold brief life's
Last certainties
A cloudless setting sun,
Where, triumphant and unfeigned,
I shall approach the grave.

WHEELER HEYHUN.
Boccaccio and Rabelais.

The determination of the book trade of Boston to carry up to the highest court, if necessary, the case brought by the Watch and Ward Society against certain bookkeepers in Boston, we regard as distinctly in the interest of public morality. There is nothing more detrimental to morals than the direction of popular justice to indecencies, real or imagined, in places where nothing bad would be found, or noticed, unless it be pointed out. Some of the most beautiful

odes of Horace, studied in our schools and universities, celebrate a form of awful depravity prevailing in his time, Shakespeare's poems, the Bible itself, are subject to a like objection. But very few indeed of those who read these books suffer moral harm, and fewer still would look for such things there unless their attention were called to them.

The classics which the Watch and Ward Society proposes to push our bookkeepers for keeping in stock are practically harmless. Few depraved persons would care to buy them; there are others far worse and more to their taste. And it is a sad incentive to prurient natures, not wholly depraved, which the Watch and Ward Society furnishes by putting out the means by which they may obtain gratification of their morbid taste.

It will be better to have his set of books authorized by the highest court, for it is a matter in which morality is concerned. We do not want any signboards put up in the Watch and Ward Society to put our youth to literature from which they can dig out pornographic paragraphs.—Boston Post.

Round trip homeseekers' and one way colonist rates in effect on first and third Tuesdays of each month over the Henderson Route.

TO C. C. MOORE, ET AL.

O, wild and mad Quixote! how you rave,
To breathe a storm upon a spiny ocean;
Nor yet a ripple raise, much less a wave
To wake the sleepy world bound in devotion

To boudgion thought so nursed with pious care,
That doubt's first ray will never enter there.

You blow reform! 'tis world is rather
Full of life and plenty thousand times
A million station sharks instilled in charge.

Why who work manhood for all its worth,
To bar reform, although a crying need,
And little care how much the people bleed.

No ordained rogue will jeopardize his wage,
Yet these control the school and Sunday class;
Hence your story is taught in lies from
And filled with fear that none dare
Ever pass;

Each graduate ordained a knave or fool,
The fool to reign, the knave his willing tool.

And yet you bow to Hope, to strive
In vain;
Where Hercules hath failed would you begin?

Why bear the torch to him who will remain
In ignorance, and greet you with a grin?
However wise you speak, through a
He shouts "Beware you cursed infidel!"

Your good, for sake of good, will never win,
Unless, attached, coupons to balance
You must reserve the privilege to
And yet escape the sequel every time.

In five we feel, in Christ we may arise
And cut our neighbor's throat yet win the prize.

Save that you threaten with everlasting
Tie on your hand a writing serpent lash,
Whose hiss and hiss do dread damnation blow

And promise blood, all crime and
Foulness still would look for such things there unless their attention were called to them.

The classics which the Watch and Ward Society proposes to push our bookkeepers for keeping in stock are practically harmless. Few depraved persons would care to buy them; there are others far worse and more to their taste. And it is a sad incentive to prurient natures, not wholly depraved, which the Watch and Ward Society furnishes by putting out the means by which they may obtain gratification of their morbid taste.

CHURCH TRIAL
PROF. BOWNE CITED TO ANSWER CHARGES OF HERESY.

Boston, Dec. 1.—Papers have been served upon Prof. Borden D. Bowne of Boston University, calling him to trial before the Ecclesiastical Court of the Methodist Episcopal Church to answer to a general charge of heresy based on the general allegation that the professor has disseminated "doctrines which are contrary to the articles of religion or established standards of doctrine in the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The above is one of the many evidences that, by degrees, intelligent

and scholarly people are abandoning the Christian religion.
Infidelity need not fear anything at the hands of honest and cultivated and fair people. The great difficulty that we have to overcome is the deep ignorance upon religious matters, and the intolerance of Christians who are not honest and who merely pretend to believe Christianity as a means of making money.

This includes all preachers and that large class of business men, who sustain the church and the priests and preachers, who, in turn, give to those business men the patronage of the church.

There are many rich infidels who do not dare to express themselves honestly because they are afraid of the church.

Certainly, to all intelligent people, the Christian religion is the great evil of the age.

It is not only a tyrant that keeps up war all the time, and persecutes the individuals who oppose it, but it teaches that the belief of obscene stories is a substitute for good morals, until it is almost impossible to teach the people the necessity for moral living.

The statistics of penal institutions show that infidels commit less crime than Christians according to number, but the great fault with infidels is that they are not willing to make sacrifices for their convictions and to pay their money to support those convictions.

Statistics for the last fiscal year show that the members of the Episcopal church paid an average of \$19.82 for religion. The average infidel, it is supposed, does not pay 50 cents a year for his infidelity.

I suppose that average Irish Catholics pay their price for their religion ten times as much as average infidels pay for infidelity.

Statistics also show that the present condition of things in any way except for infidels to pay their money, is a substitute for good morals, until it is almost impossible to teach the people the necessity for moral living.

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